the dresser—" Peter Grieve-us," as we children called her—had pulled me into my very pink tights (they were by no means *tight* but very baggy, according to the pictures of rne), and my mother had arranged rny hair in sausage curls on each side of my head in even more perfect order and regularity than usual. Besides my clothes, I had a beautiful " property " to be proud of. This was a go-cart, which had been made in the theatre by Mr. Bradshaw, and was an exact copy of a child's toy as depicted on a Greek vase. It was my duty to drag this little cart about the stage, and on the first night, when Mr. Kean as Leontes told rne to " go play/' I obeyed his instructions with such vigour that I tripped over the handle and came down on my back ! A titter ran through the house, and I felt that rny career as an actress was ruined for ever. Even now I remember how bitterly I wept, and how deeply humiliated I felt. But the little incident, so mortifying to me, did not spoil my first appearance altogether. *The Times* of May i, 1856, was kind enough to call me " vivacious and preco-cious/' and " a worthy relative of my sister Kate," and my parents were pleased (although they would not show it too much), and Mrs. Kean gave me a pat on the back. Father and Kate were both in the cast, too, I ought to have said, and the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal were all in a box on the first night.

To act for the first time in Shakespeare, in a

theatre where my sister had already done something for our name, and before royalty, was surely a good beginning!

From April 28, 1856, I played Mamilius every night for one hundred and two nights. I was never ill, and my understudy, Clara Denvil, a very handsome, dark child with flaming eyes, though quite ready and longing to play my part, never had the chance.